

# PACIFIC WEEKLY

---

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

---

MARCH 8, 1935



**FREMONT OLDER**  
BY  
**LINCOLN STEFFENS**

**COLLAPSE OF THE CRIMINAL  
SYNDICALISM CASES**

**LITERATURE ON THE WEST  
COAST**

---

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VOL. II NO. 10

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MARCH 8, 1935

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN INSTITUTE

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Editor of "Moscow News" who has lived in  
in Russia 14 years.

ON

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in the Soviet Union

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

SAN FRANCISCO

MARCH 15, 1935, 8 P. M.



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**PACIFIC WEEKLY'S  
CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE**

DICK DEADEYE is the pseudonym of a San Francisco writer who has a wide circle of readers on the Pacific Coast.

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DORA HAGEMEYER is a Carmel resident who has published poetry in a wide range of magazines.

LINCOLN STEFFENS is a prophet. What he writes today the world will not accept for another decade when it will probably be too late. What he said a decade ago fell on deaf ears and we're paying for the deafness today.

HAAKON CHEVALIER is a California educator.

**NEXT WEEK**

TRIAL BY STOOL-PIGEON and the JACKSON STRIKE have been unavoidably held over from this issue for next week.

MILITARY EPISODE, a little known part of the San Francisco strike.

# PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1935

NUMBER 10

## CONTENTS

Notes and Comment . . . . .	109
Lincoln Steffens' Column . . . . .	111
Would You Live It Over Again? by D. T. Macdougal . . . . .	111
Fremont Older by Lincoln Steffens . . . . .	112
Faith, by Haakon M. Chevalier . . . . .	113
A Social Einstein, by Dick Deadeye . . . . .	114
Literature on the West Coast, by Karl Long . . . . .	115
Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room, W. K. Bassett . . . . .	116
A California Town, by Sara E. Reamer . . . . .	118
A Spring Poem, by Dora Hagemeyer . . . . .	119
Music, edited by Sidney Robertson . . . . .	119
Latterday Ghost, Verse, by Ethel Turner . . . . .	120
Our Contributors . . . . .	II

## NOTES AND COMMENT

**A**S NEAR as we can make out from the public press the estate of the late James Rolph, Jr., has assets totaling \$25,000 and approved claims against it totaling \$1,500,000. We also note that \$938,000 of these claims is that of the Anglo California National Bank of San Francisco for principal and interest on certain bonds, and notes and interest. If we're not mistaken, Herbert Fleishhacker is president or something of that bank, and we think it's a shame that Mr. Fleishhacker should lose \$938,000 through his association with Jimmy Rolph over all these years. Mr. Fleishhacker made him mayor and kept him mayor for more than twelve long years, or was it sixteen? And he made him governor and would have kept him governor if a force even greater than his hadn't stepped in. And now what does he get for it? A loss of \$938,000!

**N**O DEPTH of journalistic indecency is too far down for the Hearst newspapers to plumb it. Take the following, for example. On March 1 there appeared on the front page of the *Examiner* a top-head story with these opening paragraphs:

Members of the notorious "Phosphorous Gang" were being hunted yesterday as suspects in the beating and attempted kidnaping of Miss Barbara Jones, beautiful 20-year-old daughter of Major Albert M. Jones of the Presidio. The beating of Miss Jones was exclusively revealed in yesterday's *Examiner*.

The gang, described in police records as the direct action or "disciplinary" squad of the Communist party, is said to have been imported from the East coast for the express purpose of retaliating against those who have been making it uncomfortable for Communists in this section.

Here was something to send terrified mothers to both front and back doors to turn the keys and to picture in frantic sympathy what the Presidio Major's daughter was suffering at the moment. Here was something to bolster contempt for "those Communists".

Now read the bit-more-self-respecting *Chronicle* of the

same day. Its story was on an inside page and the headline read: "Presidio Girl's Attack by 'Red Terror' Denied." And here are the first three paragraphs of the *Chronicle* story:

Revival of stories of an attack on a Presidio Major's daughter more than a year ago, and the attributing of them to a "Communist" campaign of "terrorism" yesterday mystified Department of Justice agents and the police.

The stories purported to show that Miss Barbara Jones, 20, daughter of Major Albert M. Jones, intelligence officer, who was attacked more than a year ago by two unidentified men on the Presidio and escaped only after a battle, was the victim of a Communist revenge plot directed against her father because of his activities in driving the reds from the reservation.

Department of Justice agents said they had never heard of the case.

What's a year to this high-minded man?

Mr. Hearst is fine and honest, isn't he? Fair and kind and such a good, clean fighter! If you don't believe it, read what Dr. Herbert Spencer Johnson of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles said in his pulpit recently:

Nothing could be more practical and helpful to the preservation of the United States and democracy than the agitation by Mr. William Randolph Hearst against the Communists.

It is the finest thing in a life replete with fine actions, this crusade against radicalism being conducted by Mr. Hearst through his mighty chain of newspapers.

The Reverend Mr. Johnson has quite apparently lost his way. We would suggest that he quit reading the *Los Angeles Examiner* for a while and look up the Sermon on the Mount—if he knows where to find it.

**L**INDSAY PARROTT, head of Hearst's International News Service Bureau in Moscow, has recently returned from a trip through Soviet Russia. He visited the same districts in which "millions of Russians are starving to death", according to Mr. Hearst's newspapers and the radio ranting of the publisher himself. It might be interesting, if not important, to quote Mr. Parrott in an interview after his return to Moscow. He said:

Nowhere in any of the towns or villages on the way did I see any signs or traces of famine about which the foreign press likes to speak. Moreover, the present is the very time of year when famine, if any existed, would sharply appear.

**I**T LOOKS very much as if the bottom had dropped out of the Criminal Syndicalism cases in Sacramento. These Communist folks are outwitting Neil McAllister in his neat \$11,500 job of sending fifteen labor organizers to jail for almost the rest of their lives on charges that they were about to open the flood-gates of their wrath on the government and toss dynamite bombs here and there indiscriminately. McAllister hasn't been able to get any of the so-called Communist witnesses, nor even the avowedly Communist witness, Sam D'Arcy, to divulge the secret hiding place of the bombs, or even to admit knowledge of the existence of any bombs. He

MARCH 8, 1935

has elicited from some agricultural workers other bits of useful information, but it has proved not so useful to him. It has been important and it is apparently having an effect on the jury sitting in the case, and it has been dynamite for McAllister's case, and the case of the Associated Farmers and vigilantes generally throughout the state.

Indications of a collapse of the case are seen in the fact that all but two of the original indictments have been dismissed against eleven of the defendants, and all but three against the rest. The cases of two have been entirely dismissed (after they had spent seven months in jail) for lack of evidence. William Hanks, the prosecution's stool-pigeon witness, stands out clearly as a perjurer by his own conflicting evidence, and the defense has asked for his arrest on this charge. Judge Lemon and the prosecution have been so bombarded with protests from intelligent, thinking, and fair-minded citizens of the state, (a vastly greater number than they thought lived in California) that they have appealed to Leo Gallagher, defense attorney, to do something to stop the shooting. And, most significant of all, the hired publicity and propaganda man of the Associated Framers (the misprint is unintentional but let it stand) who want the union organizers in jail because they raised agricultural wages throughout the state, has quit his job, walking out in disgust and, according to his own words, because it was "too raw".

This publicity man, who shall be nameless here because we don't want to injure his chances of getting what he calls "an honest job", declared that the Associated Framers (there it goes again) wouldn't pay him enough for the kind of work they wanted him to do.

When this absurd trial takes its place in history it will be as one of the milestones marking the trail of California in its day-by-day march toward Fascism. But it will also be a light in the gloom because of the wide cries of protest which are being raised today throughout the state. Liberals of all kinds are declaring the thing a travesty of the worst sort; those who want peace and believe with more hope than conviction that reason will finally overcome the chaos of life today, are crying out against it as Red-baiting, revolution-inspiring nonsense; students and professional people are sending delegations of protest to the court room; EPIC and Utopians, working men and women, writers and social workers, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. members and ministers are appealing against the outrage.

The effect is obvious in the suppressed excitement in the court room as farmer after farmer, small growers, cotton, apricot and cherry pickers and wood choppers, testify that they were in strikes and heard the defendants one and all, always, without exception, warn against the use of force and violence during strikes and in demonstrations.

"Did you hear Pat Chambers speak in Pixley?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said not to have any weapons, not to use force unless we were attacked, not to swear or shout 'scab' at workers in the fields; to fold our arms and just stay out on strike till our demands were met."

"And you?" This time it is a Negro worker.

"The picket captain, Bellflower, said never to use force or violence; to stay off ranch property, to keep on the road and just try to persuade the ones still picking to join us in our picket-line."

"Did you hear Caroline Decker speak?" Another cotton

picker is on the stand.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She said not to use force or violence, that was just the excuse they would want, they would mow us down; to picket peacefully and stick together till we won our strike."

"And you? Did you hear them speak?"

"Yes. They said not to use force and violence."

From Brentwood and San José, Pixley and Tulare, the Santa Clara Valley to Sacramento, all the same testimony!

"Did you hear Pat Chambers say the farmers hadn't the guts of a louse?"

(A farmer witness for the prosecution had testified he did.)

"No."

"Did you hear him say they (the Reds) would make the streets of Pixley run red as the streets of Harlan, Kentucky?"

"Oh no. What he said was that if the farmers and vigilantes went on as they did, running around with guns and threatening the strikers, the streets would run red as had those of Harlan, Kentucky."

That is somewhat different and sounds more like a Communist to anyone who knows anything about Communists.

But the prosecution doesn't and doesn't want to. They're not interested in the truth about Communism: they're interested only in getting the able, militant, popular union organizers who fight for and win higher wages for the under-paid agricultural laborers of rich fertile California (where millions of dollars' worth of crops are left to rot on the trees that the bankers and growers may make more profits) out of the way and in jail.

Indications now are that they won't be able to do it. All of which will mean some delay in California's wild rush to follow Hearst's leadership into Fascism.

**A**HA! The state legislature is in session again. And you'd never guess how we know. It was on the front page of the Chronicle under the heading "Movies Again Threaten to Get Out of California". It told how Joseph M. Schenck of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hinted that his company might consider moving from California to Florida because it is "apprehensive of California's tendencies toward soaking the rich

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as exemplified in the bill providing a 35 per cent tax on industrial incomes".

That little "hint" and the story about it will influence how many strong-minded California legislators, do you suppose? You can always tell when the California legislature convenes—the movies threaten to move to Florida because of impending high taxes.

## LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

GREECE HAS busted. But only the top has blown off so far. No word yet from the bottom.

OF COURSE, thinking professors who are apt to learn have to be abolished if an economic system like ours is to go on, but Hearst can't do it; he doesn't go far enough. It takes a Hitler or a Mussolini to clean up that mess.

JO DAVIDSON, the water color painter, has been here. He used to be known as a sculptor. He achieved fame as a sculptor, but evidently all his life he has needed to paint. Reminds me of a tea in Paris where I met the sculptress, Miss Scudder. She, too, had turned to painting and she drew me down on a sofa and advised me to drop everything and become an artist in color. "It's so easy," she said. "It's hard to sculpt. It takes a lifetime to learn that art. But painting, why, I could take you down to a shop, buy all the apparatus you need and you could go right out tomorrow and paint. You only have to get the surface of things, you know, you don't have to bother with the shape and the behind of anything. You just copy what you see in nature and there you are. You don't have to spend a lifetime studying and practicing." I didn't do what she said because I was afraid that after a lifetime of painting, I might learn what she did in a lifetime of sculpture: that painting, too, is an art.

THERE HAVE been a lot of people in here lately talking and talking and talking, and one of the conversations had what we in Carmel call significance. I mean that it was a topic that might last over night. The subject was whether we were not just now at the beginning of civilization. That we are at the end of a period is undoubtedly true, and some of us are conscious of the crisis. Others call it merely an economic crisis, but it is easy to see that it is more than that. The interesting question is whether the past has been a period of civilization or of barbarism. The conversationalists at my house were cheerful entertainers because they were really convinced that now after the next big change, we human animals will begin to be human beings and really develop an intelligent, a conscious, a planned civilization. That wouldn't be a bad subject for debate in the schools, by the way.

ALFRED A. KNOPF has sent me a book which he has just published, entitled "Waiting for Nothing", and in the blurb he says that he got it from me. "Its original sponsor was Lincoln Steffens." That is a very flattering statement which is true enough to explain. About a year ago, some very personal friends of mine in Stockton, California, sent me a manuscript. Unconscious enemies do that often, but friends,

real friends, rarely do. I neglect manuscripts as I did this one for about six months. Then I got a protest and, doggonit, I had to read the manuscript. It was difficult only to begin it. Once started, I read all night. It was one of the swiftest, simplest narratives I ever picked up; and unprofessional, too. It was the story of a down and out who told, I guess—I hope—everything that happened to him, from preparing to rob a bank to taking a bed from off a fairy in the bread-line. It went a little farther than American realism has ever gone in my experience. I wrote the boy who wrote it a short letter telling him that, telling him, too, that it should be published but warning him that I didn't know any publisher who would risk it. Tom Kromer—that was the author's name—sent my letter with his manuscript to a literary agent, and the next thing I knew I got this book all printed in neat form from Knopf. I shall be very interested to see what the critics and book buyers do with this book and to this author. It will tell us whether the American public can stand in literature what they take so easily in actual life.

LIBERTY—free speech, free press, free assemblage—will be about the last thing, not the first, we shall get under any scheme of civilization.



## WOULD YOU LIVE IT OVER AGAIN?

**T**HE statement that no grown person would ever willingly live his life over again exactly as before, as stated in Dunlap's "Civilized Life",—

Ask an adult what he would choose if he were offered the alternatives of total annihilation, or of beginning his life over again, living it up to the present moment exactly as he has lived it, to face again the same alternatives. Make it clear that he is not, in his second life, to be allowed to profit by what he has experienced in the first; and the answer almost always is that he would choose annihilation.—

has recently been challenged by Dr. F. L. Wells of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, in the current issue of *Science*. Conformable to a popular practice at the present time a form, as follows, was sent to a number of persons of measurable intelligence between 30 and 50 years of age:

Name is not needed . . . Date . . . Group . . .  
This inquiry is made to test the validity of a statement occurring in a standard psychological work. Assume that you are offered your immediate choice of the following:

(A). To be totally annihilated.

(B). To begin your life over again, and to live it up to the present moment exactly as you have lived it, not profiting by any experience of your former life, and then to be given the same choice of repeating your life, or annihilation.

Put a check mark before whichever alternative you would prefer.

Twenty of the 121 persons who responded were in agreement with Dunlap's generalization. The remainder, 101 in number, expressed a willingness to go through it all again

As indicated by Wells, the responses to the questions were indications of the adjustments of the individuals to life as a whole. The greater number of people who would choose to quit at once and end it all were found to be living in a condition of social or economic frustration, having lost all confidence in the universe.

The buoyancy of youth seemed to have been lost in an additional lot of 23 college undergraduates, of whom six would rather quit entirely than try it over again. Of another group of 32 student nurses (presumably women), ages ranging from 18 years up, but four shared this despondent attitude. Of a

total of 176 persons, including the above, 30 gave a negative answer, that is, that they would prefer immediate total annihilation if confronted with the, to them, tedious, painful process of living through events of unpleasant memory.

While it would appear that Dr. Wells' queries were presented to persons mostly of an active, sympathetic, tolerant and hopeful type rather than those of a brooding, anti-social temperament, yet with every allowance it would seem highly probable that of a total population at least half would choose to follow the long trail again from the very beginning.

—D. T. MACDOUGAL



## FREMONT OLDER

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

**F**REMONT OLDER, big and powerful, gentle and seventy-eight, fell dead across the steering wheel of his car last Sunday on his way home with Mrs. Older and his ward, Mary, from a flower show in Sacramento. Perfect; he loved to drive Mrs. Older to the flower and blossom fairs she always went to. He had just been writing for his Call-Bulletin an editorial on Death, a subject he had thought much about latterly, an event he was quite prepared for. He felt, and sometimes said, that his fighting life had long been rounded out to a neat peaceful close and he dropped like a flower, as he knew he would.

With the strength of the Wisconsin farmer boy that he was, he came West, first, as a printer, working all over California: San Francisco, San José, Santa Barbara, the foot-hills of the Sierras, in the mining towns of California and Nevada. One of his later pleasures was to drive up into the old, deserted mining camps to see the old scenes and talk to the old stagers of the Bret Harte days when he wrote and rioted and drank with the Argonauts. But he soon settled in the civilization of the cities and began to fight and write and think about the evils he saw there. And his thinking thenceforward followed or led the thinking of all California, all Americans. The development of Older's mind and will is that of most people. His culture and limitations were typically ours. The wrongs he set out to right were all separate, unconnected, exceptional accidents, and he assailed them; he attacked these chosen evils with all the fury of his inflamed journalistic rage. Acts, not foundations, were his stuff, nothing that everybody could not grasp. He became an editor, he became the leading, fighting editor of his day; he had in the extreme that courage, energy and dash that made great newspaper men in his day. He drank for rest, and it was Mrs. Older, his Cora, who gradually cured him of that passion, absolutely, but not till he had become acquainted with and understood the underworld and its underdogs with all his big, sympathetic heart. His heart, not yet his head.

It was in the graft prosecution in San Francisco, I think, that he first learned that the world is not divided into good men and bad. The graft prosecution was made up of Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney, William J. Burns and himself. They set out to discover and expose and punish the rascals who had turned the Labor Party into a graft machine, which made an organized business of all the petty grafts and

some of the big ones in the city. They discovered, sometimes to their own amazement, how big and respectable some of the big grafters were; and they had no idea, of course, of eradicating those grafts; they set out in the American fashion to punish the grafters. I came along about that time to write about it for my magazine. I was taken into the prosecution, as they discovered that I had discovered and reported similar evils and villains in other cities; I could predict what would happen next and where other grafts would be hidden. In short, I was to them a prophet, because I had already realized that our graft and bad politics and extraordinary villains were all normal, average, common and subject to laws as scientific as our civilization. It was the regularity with which my prophecies came true that enlightened Older. And he learned that; he needed it and he got it. He soon saw that the pursuit of Abe Ruef et al was unscientific. That did not stop what we call the man-hunt. We all went right on with that, but when they convicted Ruef, for example, Fremont Older, whose heart leaned that way anyhow, turned around almost immediately and began to work for the release of Abe Ruef as a victim of the system. Ruef was a boss only as there were bosses in other cities, called for, developed, paid and prized by the best of San Francisco's "good men". Older saw not only this but he saw that most of our bad people, both politicians and criminals, were effects of this system which was essential to the working of our civilization.

After that, for the rest of Older's life, he blamed the system, quite properly, for all our evils; but the typical thing about him was that he stopped fighting then. He did not turn and fight the system. He never became a radical and remained what we call a liberal. He had an out, as most liberals have, only his was an unusually fine one. Blaming the system and too tired or something to fight it, he put Science back of his art and fought—he pleaded, he lobbied, he used his political and journalistic pull—for mercy. He did get Abe Ruef out of the penitentiary. He got other men out, too; Jack Black, for instance. His life became beautiful in a way, and he enjoyed it up till the very end. He never joined any radical party or movement but personally introduced kindness and understanding into many a forlorn life. He had loyalty, loyalty to his friends, and many a man and woman is grieving deeply, personally, the loss of Fremont Older, their only personal friend.

# FAITH

## BY HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

**H**M! The League Against War and Fascism . . . Have a seat. Yes yes. Just sit down a minute while I take a look at this . . .

"So you're one of those fellows. Yes, yes, I know: the world is in a pretty bad way. Now let me tell you something. You're a young fellow, and I kind of like you. Knew your father pretty well. Damn fine fellow. But I'll tell you. You've got a lot to learn. Listen. The world's been in a bad way as long as I can remember. But somehow it's always come out all right, and you can take it from me that it'll come out all right this time. Sure, I've been hit by the depression like everybody else. Lost a good deal of money. But I manage to keep going. I've still got my office here, I've got a certain position in this community (not that I give a damn), and I know that when there is some business a part of it will come my way. Whatever happens, I guess I'll be able to take care of myself. Always have. What I've got I've worked for. I've earned every penny I've ever made. Anyway, nothing is going to change much in my lifetime.

"I believe in democracy and in constitutional government. We've got that in this country. Yes, we've got the best country in the world if you ask me. Maybe there are still a lot of things wrong. But we're gradually solving our problems. Rome wasn't built in a day. We're better off than we were a hundred years ago. We're better off than Europe by a long shot. And whatever you try to tell me, I say we're better off than those Russians. Look at the way they starve and kill people over there. They've got no freedom. They've got to do just what they're told. From what I hear, things aren't so hot over there. No, believe me, you'd have to go a long way to find any place as good as these old United States. Sure, we've got a bunch of crooked politicians, and a rotten prostituted press, and a lot of other things that aren't so pretty. But . . .

"Here, have a drink. This is great stuff. I just got a couple of cases of it. There's some seltzer water over there on the shelf. I take it straight.

"Unemployment? Well, I'll tell you. You can't believe statistics. My experience has always been that anyone who really wants to work and has the ability can get a job. This country can always use a good man. Anyway, we're taking care of the unemployed. I'm as good a friend of the workers as anybody. I'm a worker myself and proud of it. But the workers have made a hell of a lot of trouble in this country. They've got to learn to get along and take their chances with the rest of us. All this belly-aching don't get them anywhere. We've got a democracy. Everybody can get what they want, if what they want is legitimate. But they've got to play the game and use methods provided by law. If the people want to change anything, they'll say so with the ballot.

"Yeah, we hear a lot these days about our poor old capitalist system. But believe me, capitalism has struggled along for a good many hundred years, and it'll last a good deal longer

than you or I, my boy. You can promise yourself that. No, what we've got to do is to stand on our own two feet, live decently, treat others fairly, and let the economic system take care of itself. You can't meddle with those things. When you do you get into trouble. That's what's wrong with Russia. I tell you it can't last.

"Have another drink. That's good rye. It can't hurt you.

"I suppose man is essentially a pretty rotten brute. But we're gradually getting civilized. You've got to educate the people. By degrees we're eliminating the worst things. It all takes a long time, my boy, and it's natural for a young fellow to be impatient. We've gotten rid of slavery, religious fanaticism and a lot of barbaric laws and customs, and if we were to come back on earth in a couple of thousand years, I dare say we'd notice a lot of other changes for the better. (Belches). Excuse me.

"War? Well, I dislike war as much as anybody does. But there have always been wars, and I guess there always will be. It's human nature. You can't keep people from fighting. Oh, I know, the people didn't want the World War. But once you get the people's feelings aroused you can't stop them. Men are irrational. When you get older you learn to take the bad with the good. Sure, there are plenty of things wrong with this world, and you ain't the first one to find that out. But you can't spend your whole life griping about it.

"No, I ain't interested in your League Against War and Fascism. In the first place, if our government wants to go to war it'll go to war, and you nor anybody else ain't going to stop it. In the second place, all this talk about Fascism is a lot of boloney. This ain't Germany. They like dictators over there. We're different. This is a free country. Huey Long! Now don't be silly! He's nothing but a big — —. He'll be out on his ear before you know it. That sort of stuff don't work over here.

"No, young fellow, you're wasting your time talking to me. I'll stick by the old ship. We've elected the people we want to run our country. They're our representatives. Between you and me and the lamp-post most of those fellows in Washington are nothing but dirty small-town politicians, either ignorant or stupid or crooked or all three together, and sometimes I think Congress is more like a three-ring circus than anything else. But mind you, that's our own fault. It's up to us to pick good men. Jesus, that's good stuff!

"Well, it looks to me like things were picking up. Not much sign of it in this office yet, maybe, but we manage to get along. You don't get over a depression like that in a hurry. The worst thing that ever hit this country is the N. R. A.—Nuts Running America. They'll get their fingers burnt. The government is the government, and I take my hat off to it. But it's got to keep its hands out of business. That sort of thing . . .

"Aw, what the hell, let's have another drink!"

# A SOCIAL EINSTEIN

## BY DICK DEADEYE

WHEN times were comparatively good, in the far-off year of 1929, the clubwomen, who, for some reason or another, have elected themselves the carriers of culture, were fadding about with Betelgeuse and taking Freud for a chaser. "Social Science" was then only a game for the "Reds". But the changes in economic conditions have thrust the stars back into the laps of the metaphysicians, along with "polymorphous perverse" and the "Electra complex", and made way for "The Dialectic" and "Social Credit"; both of which, while metaphysical, at least are social questions, and hence attempt to deal with reality.

And in this latest twitter-twatter about social fads, fashions and fancies a small portion of this "new intelligentsia" has become slightly acquainted with one of America's own social thinkers, Thorstein Veblen. Indeed, he has been called the High Priest of one of these fads—Technocracy.

Veblen was a "social-thinking Einstein" who re-interpreted the economic foundations of finance-capitalism from a relativist viewpoint. He wrote of steel and credit, as well as the ubiquity of Imperialism, where the 19th century economists—his contemporaries—had formed their theories around cotton and gold, intermixed with a wishy-washy nationalism, not unlike that of the disciples of Douglas, who never seem to have read any kind of a book on economics, and who have evidently never heard of Veblen's best article: "The Use of Loan-Capital".

Like Bernard Shaw, Veblen strenuously refused to be "conditioned" by the integrated social equipment which goes to make up what he so felicitously named "The Machine Process", and which the social mystics later called "Technocracy". But to say that Veblen knew more of economics than the sage of Whitehall Terrace, or the engineer of the "Douglas Scheme", is very much like saying that Einstein knows more about mathematics. He had forgotten more about the Dismal Science than Captain Shaw or Chief Engineer Douglas have managed to squeeze into all their futile works, and this notwithstanding the fact that St. Bernard is prouder of his economic writings than of his dramas.

As an analyst of the economic situation Veblen spent little effort on the categories of previous writers. Land, Labor and Capital, with their corollaries, Rent, Wages and Profits, were thrown aside as dead issues carried over from the days of the Physiocrats, who lived and taught when agriculture was the dominant industry. Much more important to Veblen—as to Friedrich Liszt before him—than the three-fold pillars of the classical economists was the INTANGIBLE equipment of organized knowledge; the method of ways and means inherited by each generation—a social technology. It was this he named "The State of The Industrial Arts".

He showed, for example, that the specious pleas of the Single Taxers, who actually believed that they could right the ills of modern industrial society by a tax on the "unearned increment" of rising land values and thus oust the land-wolf who lives on ground-rent, just as the Douglasites think that the abolition of the financial-wolf and his demand for society's usufruct is sufficient, belonged to the "borderline of the creeds". To the contrary, Veblen shows that it is always the current scheme of the ways and means of production, the technological knowledge, which gives land (and the "Bank-

ers' Ramp") whatever value they have. To illustrate this, he shows that for more than a thousand years the polished flint of our Stone-Age ancestors provided them with tools and weapons, which knowledge gave the land whatever value it had. Further, when the metal axe came in the land "value" disappeared. In a similar way, the differential gain of one piece of land over another—urban over rural, for instance—is due to modern methods of production; land "values" being a function of the "State of the Industrial Arts". Here he anticipated the English "Guild Socialists".

And the same line of reasoning is also applied to tangible goods. These, says Veblen, in no way belong to "Labor", because labor-power is also a function of the intangible technic. Incidentally, in this denial of "Labor's right to the whole produce of labor", he follows Karl Marx, although the official American communists have not discovered that yet. Here Veblen, like Marx, is quite specific.

*Under the New Order of Industry the first requisite is no longer the workman and his manual skill, but rather the mechanical equipment and the standardized processes in which the mechanical equipment is engaged. And this latter-day industrial equipment and process embodies not the manual skill, dexterity and judgment of the individual workman, but rather the accumulated technological wisdom of the community.*

This, it will be noted, implies the negation, nay, the supersession, of the banker's determination to render "Service" by dictating when, where, and how much of anything shall be produced.

Indeed, Veblen insists on telling us that this present-day—oh, most assuredly this present-day Rooseveltian—method of curtailing production in order to keep up prices borders on sabotage; the "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency", assuming here, of course, as against the Brain Trust, that the good of all the members of society takes precedence over the "Conspicuous Waste" of a Machiavellian "over-privileged" minority, and this whether or not that privilege comes from Rent, Profit or Interest; in a word, from "Surplus-Value".

Again, he stresses the fact, now known to everyone since Marx popularized it, that the "mechanical industry of the New Order is inordinately productive". Indeed, so much is this so that "the rate and volume have to be regulated with a view to what the traffic will bear, that is to say, what will yield the largest net return in terms of price to the business men who manage the country's industrial system. Otherwise, there will be 'over-production', i. e., production in excess of what the market will carry off at a profitable price . . . a 'reasonable profit' always means the largest obtainable profit." Altogether a simple statement of the "over-production" which makes present-day popularizers, like the Social Creditors, continually harping on an "Age of Plenty", as opposed to an "Age of Scarcity", think they have tapped something new, when, as a matter of historical fact, it was Sismondi—not Marx—who, as early as the year 1803, said: "The fundamental cause of crises is inequality in the distribution of incomes. It is a serious error into which most of the modern economists have fallen to represent consumption as a power without limits, always ready to devour an infinite output . . . the needs of the laboring man are narrowly limited of necessi-

ty." Incidentally, while Stuart Chase tells us that one man now produces forty times as much as a man could one hundred years ago, and Lewis Mumford puts it at "15 million industrial workers supply the needs of 120 million inhabitants", Alexander Hamilton noted that "the labor of 25 persons will maintain 100 persons in all the necessities of life", as early as the year 1774.

So it would appear that the "Economy of Abundance" is hardly new. In fact, twenty-five years ago it was almost impossible to pick up a socialist pamphlet in which this wasn't stressed; the naive Douglasites want to teach grandma how to suck eggs!

But to return to Veblen.

In the complex structure of today the "State of the Industrial Arts", while belonging to the community, is under the control of experts, skilled technologists, whom he called "production engineers".

*These technological specialists whose constant supervision is indispensable to the due working of the industrial system constitute the general staff of industry, whose work is to control the strategy of production at large, and to keep an oversight of the tactics of production in detail.*

However, in contradistinction to the Technocrats, he further asserts that "the services of an appreciable number of consulting economists, (i. e., a "Brain Trust"), will have to be taken in the fold. Again, these two branches of the Sons of Mary will also need the services of the Sons of Martha:

*There is already on foot a project for a coalition between the industrial workers on the one hand and the engineers and production-managers on the other, which may, peaceably and without social disruption, mean the obsolescence of the price-system.*

Now, as this three-way coalition includes about 90 per cent of the population the aspirations of the Technocrats, or

even the Social Creditors, to function as a new aristocracy appear a trifle lame and halting.

What these self-elected Saviors of Society will never understand is the social engineering angle, namely, that democracy cannot be flipped aside by any kind of Industrial Fascism that masquerades under the ideology of "democracy", whether it call itself Single Tax, Social Credit, National Socialism, or any other weasel-like slogan, at any rate, not in a democratically "conditioned" country; something that Italy and Germany never experienced, that is, they lacked the tradition.

And what Veblen said in regard to the engineers who had dictatorship complexes may well be applied to the white-collars who think that Nietzsche, and his disciples, Spengler and Mencken, was the first and last prophet of philosophy:

*"So long as the engineers have not at least the tolerant consent of the population at large, backed by the aggressive support of the trained working force engaged in transportation and in the greater primary industries, they will be substantially helpless to set up a practical working organization on the new footing." (My italics).*

*They have cast their burdens upon the Lord,  
And the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons.*

Here Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen, (and, shall we say Rudyard Kipling?) seem to see eye to eye on this question of fundamental reform in the present capitalistic débâcle. Certainly, socializing either "land values" or "credit" is nothing but bourgeois socialism, a method of "redressing social grievances, in order to secure the continued existence of bourgeois society . . . To this section belong economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working class, organizers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole and corner reformers of every imaginable kind . . . (Prison reform—for the benefit of the workers)," and so on and so on.



## LITERATURE ON THE WEST COAST

BY KARL LONG

**D**S. MIRSKY has said somewhere that art is the intuitive perception of historical reality. We are watching history here on the rim of the San Francisco Bay, but we wait in vain for the writer who will catch up and immortalize this portentous moment. It requires no depth of thought to see the significance of the General Strike, the Sacramento trial, the battle on the Seattle waterfront; still less, perhaps, to perceive the widening circle of discontent spreading from San Diego to the Puget Sound; but literature is another matter.

We are really another nation here. There is the East, the Plains area, and the South; and fundamentally we have little to do with any of the three. As Marx said, history lies on the Pacific; but the difference is more immediate than that. I myself (to become personal for a moment) am an urban communist, with my inner life centered about metropolitan streets, and perhaps typical of my generation; nevertheless, I have

hunted, fished, climbed a mountainside in a blinding rain, made fires from pine logs, listened to logging-camp yarns, ascended glaciers, and bailed out leaky boats. All of us can remember uncles who were Wobblies. Or men like one I know of, who once threw a scab bodily through a plate-glass window. We have grown up differently.

Where is the literature to come out of this magnificent life? It has, somehow, failed to emerge from the womb. The fate of the Pacific writer has been to emigrate to New York, or to remain in a sort of obscure splendor. Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, George Sterling—what have they in common with the Pacific coast except in relation to the things they were not? Whom have we now? Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Sara Bard Field, Robinson Jeffers, Marie Welch, all of whom, with the possible exception of Jeffers, might as well be writing anywhere else as here. Even Jeffers has, by his unfortunate preoccupation with one theme, almost completely up-

rooted himself. This is obviously not to say that they do not write well; on the contrary, we are more than fortunate in having greatness at our doorstep; but they are not writers of the Pacific.

We have one exception to notice. Robert Cantwell, author of the deservedly-praised *Land of Plenty*, could have come from nowhere but Washington. The very smell of the pine arises from his pages. One born (as I was) under the shadow of Mount Rainier can not but recognize with a start of joy the true vigor of the north, the spiritual freedom possible when through the window of one's factory or office one sees the forest, the snow-clad peak, or the glittering ocean. Whether Cantwell remains in the east or returns to his native ground is, I believe, important; and scarcely less so for American literature than for himself.

As for the very young writers, there is little that is not discouraging. Without wishing to dispraise Mr. Saroyan, it

must be said that he manages to combine an incredible naiveté with, as Ella Winter has truly said, a disinclination to think; a situation not uncommon in California these days. But one does not become an artist in that fashion. As for Tillie Lerner, from whom one hopes so much, her article in No. 4 of the *Partisan Review* was most disappointing; hysteria is no substitute for creative work. And, concerning the innumerable young people who publish small poetry magazines, one can only remark that the time for Greenwich Village passed long ago.

This exhausts the list which springs immediately to mind. It is the more unfortunate in that one of the greatest stories in the world is now displaying itself in California; in California primarily, but also throughout the whole coast. A people is stirring into life, and will sooner or later find its artists. But how more important to grow with the revolution, as Gorki did, than merely to chronicle it afterwards!



## TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

### CHAPTER TWO

**W**HEN, with a great swelling of pride, and doubtless of head, I took editorial charge of its afternoon daily newspaper, Modesto was a city of about 8,000 population, the county seat of Stanislaus county, in the center of the San Joaquin valley. And it, too, was prideful. The first piece of information I was volunteered about it was statistics on the mileage of paved streets. They were wide, tree-lined streets, and bordered in the residence sections by quite handsome houses. Modesto had all the earmarks of prosperity and all the regulation tales of poverty that any city has. On my frequent visits to San Francisco I would brag that my adopted city was the best of those that hugged the Southern Pacific railroad all the way down the three or four hundred mile valley from Stockton to Bakersfield. In a manner, all of these towns—Merced, Madera, Fresno and Bakersfield—looked much the same from a train window. Modesto, I thought, had the edge on the others.

It was surrounded by land which, I was told, had been rapidly getting poorer. It appeared that it had been used for grain for all the years since it was first developed, and the constant drain of the grain for sustenance had weakened the land, then bereft of water, to the extent that the ranches were getting poorer year by year. I arrived in the town shortly after the Modesto-Turlock irrigation district had begun to operate. It brought water through thirty miles of arid land to the ranches around Turlock and Modesto, and the farmers had begun routing out their grain and substituting fruit trees and alfalfa. In Turlock watermelons were growing at a rate that was troubling Lodi, the great melon center of the state.

So Modesto, when I reached it, had taken on new life and hope. Out of the irrigation canals was to come great wealth

—and it did come. Dairy products, made possible by acres of green alfalfa, began to be an important industry and for a while "Modesto Butter" could be found in every store in the state.

As to weather, you can take Modesto—take it and keep it. Set down there on the flat valley with the Coast range mountains thirty miles to the west and the foothills of the Sierras an equal thirty miles to the east, the town simmered in the long, dry summer months and took on daily coats of heavy frost during the shorter winter. It still does, practically, but it is a fact that with the coming of the water and the changing of the land products from dry grain to green trees and greener alfalfa, the average temperature around Modesto has been reduced appreciably in the summer.

The Modesto *Evening News* was a going concern. It carried a good share of the town's advertising although the *Morning Herald* surpassed it in this. One department store, Schafer's, supplied about a third of our advertising volume, and that, as I will tell you later, presented a serious problem in which I became involved.

With the departure of John T. Bell there was no one above me on the editorial side of the paper; no one connected with the paper who wanted to be. Mr. Perigo knew nothing about composing the English language into a news story or an editorial and maintained his stand at the business office counter, collecting data on barn-painting, chick-hatching and departure and arrival of citizens.

To say I jumped into my job would be an inadequate expression of it. I took a long, running leap into it. I was an editor, supreme in my bailiwick, and editorials were my meat. I expressed an opinion on every event in the day's news and expressed it generally with much more vehemence than the nature of it warranted. But, to be master of the

printed word, and printed every day for at least me to see, even if no one else saw it, or cared about it when they did, was paradise. I wallowed in the delight of my job. Looking back on it today I realize that I had as much right to be editing a daily paper, especially trying to mold public opinion with my editorial comment, as my business boss, Perigo, and he wouldn't have known how even to begin. He admitted that, too, which was a virtue I didn't possess.

For instance:

One of England's kings died during the early weeks of my regime on the *News*. I think it was Edward VII, and the present George V took charge of the Court of St. James's. Then came preparations for the coronation. The details were announced—and did I see red! Here was meat for the editorial side of my typewriter and I rattled the keys in high indignation. Modesto should be told the kind of a nation England was. Great bonfires were to be lighted on every hill in the British Isles on the night before the coronation, or the night of it. Even as I wrote, wood was being gathered from all parts of Great Britain. Wood, valuable wood, wood that could be used to keep starving subjects alive and warm, was being gathered by the hundreds of cords merely for the purpose of making a blazing display to inaugurate a new dynasty. And the daily papers carrying this news were carrying also, though too blind, I thought, to combine them, dispatches about the famine which was spreading over England's fair soil. I would attend to this matter, and I did.

I wrote a scorching editorial about it. I am sure that if King George could have seen the Modesto *News* that day he would have wept with chagrin and, which is more to the point, would have ordered the bonfire program off and himself carried wood to the cottages of the cold and hungry. On second thoughts, I don't think he would have, either. He probably would have laughed like hell. Because the Modesto *News* that night carried my editorial of eight or ten paragraphs with each paragraph ending reiteratively: "Shame, Brittany!" And it was no typographical error.

Would you believe that I got only one come-back out of the entire circulation of the *News*? Some little backwoods editor, with more brains than I had, devoted a mild paragraph to a suggestion that the editor of the Modesto *News* brush up on his geography.

I fell into another job with the editorship of the *News*. It appeared that my predecessor had also been correspondent for the San Francisco *Examiner*. I took that over and gained fame along with a considerable amount of good Hearst money every month. In fact, I moved that *Examiner* stipend up to better than a hundred dollars a month over a period of more than a year. The *Examiner* was playing suburban news hard and Modesto got much more than it was really entitled to.

At that time the *Examiner* maintained a front-page make-up that required a "freak" story, in the parlance of newspaper work, at the top of the second column. It was set in full-face and boxed. The day I broke into that box was a big day in my career. It happened with this story:

Out at Ceres, a small settlement near Modesto, a Modesto doctor had a ranch on which he featured Dutch-belted cattle. I went out there with his son, Sam Evans, one day to see the cattle. While talking with the ranch foreman a telephone bell in the ranch house rang. I called his attention to it, he listened to the bells, and said it wasn't for him. It appeared that the ranch was on the farmers' telephone line that connected about two dozen ranches up the road. It also appeared

that the telephone efficiency wasn't what it is today. If one of those telephones was in use the other eleven patrons either twiddled their thumbs or listened in. The ranch foreman explained this graphically.

He said that a few months before, the telephone line went out about three o'clock every Friday afternoon and stayed out until Saturday night about dinner time. Repeated protests to the telephone company had been of no avail. The Modesto trouble shooter couldn't solve it; the Modesto manager failed as well; a trouble man from the San Francisco district could make nothing of it. Each week some one would stand guard and right in front of his face the telephone would go dead at three o'clock Friday afternoon and stay dead until dinner time Saturday. Finally the manager of the San Francisco trouble shooters appeared on the scene. He solved it.

It seems that a Mrs. McGillicuddy, or something like that, a half mile up the road from Ceres, had a crew of men working on her place. It was her job not only to feed them, but also to wash and darn their socks. She started the sock-darning job promptly every Friday afternoon at three o'clock and finished at dinner time Saturday. The telephone was merely a piece of furniture to her—she never called up anybody and nobody ever called her up. So at three o'clock on Friday she'd sit down by the telephone, take the receiver off and use it for a darning ball. When she went to bed she'd lay it, with an unfinished sock embracing it, back in her sewing basket. She didn't get through with it till nearly dinner time Saturday.

Well, it was a good story anyway, good enough for the San Francisco *Examiner*. So I wrote it and it made the front page, full-face box, the next morning. A week later, a clipping of it was brought to me by a Modesto subscriber to the *Denver Post*. Two weeks later, one drifted in from the *New York Tribune*, and a month after that it was clipped from the *London Times* and sent to me. It is to the sum-total of my prideful things that in all the newspapers in which it was reprinted, the story stood as I had written it, with the exception that in the *Examiner* the problem-solver's name was printed "Gardiner", in the *Denver Post*, "Gardner", in the *New York Tribune*, "Garner", and in the *London Times*, "Ganer". The trouble-shooting corporal lost a letter each step he made eastward.

There's another angle to this story, an angle that helped to swell my purse and to prove that they changed copyreaders often on the San Francisco *Examiner*. About two days after my story appeared, the front-page box was filled by a story from Chico about an eagle stealing a baby. Three months later I was stunned to see the Chico-eagle-baby-stealing story again in the box. I recovered in time to send in my darning ball story with the evening batch to the *Examiner*. It made the box again. Three or four months later, the Chico guy came back with the eagle-stealing-the-baby story and a week or two after that I countered with the darning ball. It was great stuff for some time after that, and when I left Modesto the contest was one up for the Chico guy.

My first meeting with Big Business and its ramifications came in Modesto. William H. Langdon, district attorney of San Francisco during the graft prosecution, and now a judge, also moved within my circle of acquaintances. He married a Modesto widow who owned a bank. He and I got along fine—at first.

(To be continued)

MARCH 8, 1935

# A CALIFORNIA TOWN

## BY SARA E. REAMER

(Continued from last week.)

From the end of the pier I could look back on Sawyer sitting there, dead, waiting to be buried. Behind the flat are sensuously molded hills covered with green grass, rich and fragrant. There are clumps of redwood and, sticking straight up, spears of trunks: dead. Sheep roam the fenceless hills. A few lambs play, a few horses and cattle graze on the hillside. Hills and more hills, rise and sink in the distance. Way up on the second hill an old farm spreads around a little knoll. Here lives an old man, the last of a long line of farming stock. He was born and raised there in Sawyer and would die there. Someone had wanted to buy some property in this town and had asked about the price of one of the farms. "Lord, I don't know how you'd tell. Those farms haven't changed hands for so many years I don't know who would be able to tell you the price of land." Modern farming machinery is unknown. Horses do the ploughing. Most people raise their own vegetables: "Anything will grow if you just stick it in the ground." The earth is rich. Wild flowers are everywhere.

From the pier I walked back into town and out Booneville Way to see the Druid Dance Hall. Country dances are still held here; square dances with an accordion, a banjo, a piano. All the town comes. Some of the old folks are wheeled inside in wheel chairs; babies—since there is no one to leave them at home with; the kids; the élite; the plebeians. Cake and coffee are served to grown-ups in the hall, while the kids are turned loose in the kitchen. On the way up I stopped and chatted with Bella Lachna, who was hoeing in her garden and planting a few stocks that the neighbor who had moved away the day before had given her. Bella said that she had been born here but had lived in the city once. She wanted to know what it was like in the city now. Her eighteen-months-old son was pulling out the stocks almost as fast as she planted them. She didn't notice this; she was interested in what was happening in the city. But she was content to remain in Sawyer although she didn't know what she and her husband and children were going to do.

Mr. Rinz came trundling down the road and stopped to talk to Bella and me. I had heard that Rinz had given up drinking—but he smelled pretty strong of jack-ass brandy and he was going down to Reuben's store with a bottle under one arm. Rinz had come to Sawyer a few months before and had, apparently, fitted into the place and become a part of it. He has done just about everything and now he wants to write. I don't know how he lives except that he lives in an old shack, so he told me, up on the hill. Every now and then he cleans up some old lady's yard and gets a few dimes for it. And I guess the grocer is lax with his debtors anyway. Rinz seems to think himself quite a wit and is hard to follow in conversation because of it: he continually interrupts his story to insert a witticism that just came to him, which brings to his mind another and another, until the thread of the original story is lost in the flood of "clever" humor. He walked down to the store with me, talking all the way. He, too, was curious about what was going on in the cities but in an uninterested way really. He told me about a few of the townspeople and said that you had to be careful what you said; everyone was

related to everyone else. He had discovered this through experience: one day he was cleaning up the widow's yard and remarked to a young man that she was rather an old hag. The young man told Rinz in muddled dignity that the old hag was his aunt—but agreed with him. Since then Rinz has been a little bit careful of what he says about his neighbors. The widow is eighty-two, uses two canes to get around by, is a little deaf, and on the hunt for another husband. She's Italian and speaks just a little English and is sure that she's going to get another husband.

As Rinz and I neared the saloon he suggested I join him for a drink, which I refused. So he walked along past it with me, reluctant to leave such a good listener. But four of the local boys who had been on their weekly Saturday night drunk and were still going strong through the Sabbath, came out on the porch and started jibing him about his new companion and who was she? Rinz stopped and so did I. He held out his hand, stood very straight, bowed from the waist, military fashion, and said, "I think we had best part—for diplomacy's sake."

I was visiting Annie and Cole, who had just moved up here from Berkeley for a temporary stay. And now the thought of leaving Sawyer was one they both disliked attending to.

That evening, sitting comfortably in front of their blazing fire, I heard about Mrs. Gestimoni and a few of the other locals. It seems that Mrs. Gestimoni had recently had a child, her eighth, and that it hadn't looked like either Mrs. Gestimoni, Mr. Gestimoni, or any of the little Gestimoni's; and that it had, particularly, a rather strange nose, like no one else's but Joe, the barber. Since the birth Mr. Gestimoni had been getting drunker and drunker, and the town was waiting, holding its breath, for the expected murder of Mrs. Gestimoni by Mr. Gestimoni. The next day I walked down by the mill pond and there, lying stretched out on his stomach, his head turned sideways, lay a man with a rather peculiar nose. I hurried back to tell Cole. He just smiled and said, "Oh no, that's Jensen, the watchman. He's 'most always sleeping." So Mrs. Gestimoni and Joe are still living—although no one expects anything to happen to Joe.

Annie, Cole's wife, had gone walking with one of the dignified elderly ladies one day, out on the Point. As they approached a large tree, this lady told Annie, blushingly, that this was Ruination Pine, where all the local girls had lost their virtue. And from the lady's expression she had not broken the tradition. Annie and I walked out there one day and underneath the tree, the only flower we found or saw that day, was a lone wild iris.

I expected to hear of "the typical school marm" but Annie said she was quite up-to-date and a dear. The school house isn't red, I was disappointed to find, and is quite a spacious building. There are thirty children and she teaches them all: eight grades a day, eight subjects a day to each grade. The people feel with sympathy toward the school teacher. Next to the school is the protestant church; across the street from that is the Catholic church—but few people go to either.

We were told of the most recent wedding in the town, for which had come the minister from Point Linden—twenty-five miles south of Sawyer—to officiate. He was, however, hardly able to unite the couple in holy matrimony after his rapid,

hairbreadth ride from the Point on a windy road that is so seldom traversed that it is not very good. The bride, it seems, was much older than the bridegroom, and obviously pregnant. The bridegroom had just reached twenty-one, the age of consent. Although the couple had been sleeping together for some time the bride had waited until he had reached twenty-one before becoming pregnant—and so they were married. The whole town, of course, turned out for the wedding.

The story of the local young gentleman, with the daredevil nature, was most amusing. Young Hank had been talking to Annie a few nights previous and had related one of his most daring experiences. "You know," he said, "I went to a dance at Herndon once (50 miles distant) and during an intermission a guy dared me to put a plate of raviolis in my pocket. And do you know what I did? I put that plate of raviolis in my pocket." And then he added, thoughtfully, "But you know, it's a funny thing, even after I'd worn that suit seven or eight times after that, the pocket was still greasy."

There are many cats in the town but few dogs. If a dog chases the sheep he is shot immediately—there is no trial, nor argument. It is the law. Two dogs had been shot last week. The cats keep the rats down and kill the gophers, too, so the people have cats.

The town, the country, is simple and they want it to remain so. Some man from the city had tried to buy it all for an artists' colony but had been unable to. The people would not consider it.

Cole's and Annie's house is charming, and they hadn't changed a thing. You open a rickety gate by lifting it, since

there is just one hinge, and walk up a neat path onto a wide porch. Opening the door you step into a spacious living room, walled in soft brown wood. The fireplace is large, the andirons are rails, the mantle is plain. Adjoining the living room on the north is a tremendous dining room and on the west, overlooking the ocean, is a big sunny breakfast room. Off each of these is the kitchen, large and roomy. Upstairs I found two large bedrooms and a bathroom. There are windows, lots of them, out of which you never tire of looking: at the sea or at the hills. No matter which you choose, you see nothing but beauty, natural splendor. The house is as near the edge of the cliff as possible, with just enough room for a little garden and an old wind-mill on the sea side. And, of course, there are roses, wild ones and cultivated ones, growing everywhere!

Everyone uses kerosene lamps and candles—although they told me that they'd had electricity when the mill was running. But now the people have taken out most of the electric light fixtures, and they are quite content with lamps. Wood is their fuel and there's plenty of it. Wood stoves serve for cooking and heating. The kitchens are large, as the family congregates there in cold weather to keep warm; on the west and south walls were built in large wood boxes which may be used as seats. Rent is ten dollars a month for this charming house. And if they couldn't have paid that, they could have had it for five. They rent the house from Mrs. Rolls, whose grandfather built the little Catholic Church.

It is beautiful, this town called Sawyer. It is most beautiful because it is dying death naturally, as it lived life.

## A SPRING POEM

SPRING doesn't care if the world's all wrong  
Or the wicked live in clover . . .  
It won't be the worse for a wild bird's song  
Winging the glad fields over!

Spring doesn't care if the poor go poor  
Or the rich grow richer still . . .  
She decks with a daffodil any old door  
And empties her gold on the sill.

Not for a day does she ponder and pray  
That each may be given his measure . . .  
She's too full of glory for justice, I say,  
Too reckless and gay with her treasure.

Nobody knows why the wayside rose  
Offers the thief its grace . . .  
Or the wind from the south all heaven blows  
Into a sinner's face.

Spring's pretty innocence who shall end?  
Or season with sense her charms . . .  
She comes with a fairy-tale fortune to spend  
And takes the whole world in her arms!

—DORA HAGEMEYER

## MUSIC

EDITED BY  
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

MISCHA LEVITSKI played to a full and enthusiastic house in San Francisco on Monday, March fourth. His playing is always warm and has a quality of humor which communicates itself to his audience and makes the proceedings gay and informal. He is a romantic at heart, and at times in the Bach Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue he lets himself go to a point where the musical style suffers though the audience doesn't; but such moments are few. His treatment of the fugue would be difficult to surpass.

In his interpretation of the Beethoven sonata (the Moonlight) Mr. Levitski accomplished something that was significant and beautiful. He achieved a continuity between the first and second movements which seems so perfectly natural now that in the future any other interpretation will seem false. It was partly a matter of the mood created, and was achieved, technically speaking, by keeping the first movement flowing with two beats to a measure instead of four, and by decreasing the tempo of the second movement. The brief bit of Beethoven humor which occurs in the middle of the second (allegretto) movement was emphasized to its fullest extent.

One would expect that in playing Schumann he would allow his romantic tendencies full play, but queerly enough they were for the most part restrained, and he lost his audi-

MARCH 8, 1935

ence for moments at a time. The concentration he asked of his listeners in this first half of the program was apparently a little too much for them. The Schumann G-minor sonata is a long and not particularly grateful work.

In some respects, the interpretation of Chopin was Mr. Levitski's greatest achievement; he made the four Chopin pieces enchanting and delightful. His own works, the *Arabesque* and a *Waltz* played as an encore, were given well-deserved applause. He played six or more (one lost count) encores. The concert as a whole might have been more effective had he refrained from playing quite so long. However, his very responsive audience would not be denied. +W. B. D.

THE Scottish Musical Players, a group of professionals who are presenting Scottish plays and songs, are to give three performances at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, Friday evening, March 8th, and Saturday afternoon and evening, March 9th. School children are to be admitted to the matinee for 25¢. Interspersed through the performance of "The Cotter's Saturday Night", a play based on Burns' poem, "The Bonnie Briar Bush" (arranged from Ian MacLaren's story) and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" are the authentic old Scottish songs of the period, and one of the group plays the pipes. These performances were well received in San Francisco and would seem to provide what used to be advertised as "wholesome family entertainment".

Critics all over the country are busily lambasting Kreisler as a result of his admission that compositions which have figured on his programs for years as his arrangements of pieces by Pergolesi, Couperin, Beethoven, Pugnani, etc., are in fact entirely his own work. It sounds a little as if the great resentment aroused by Kreisler's successful farce can only be explained by the critics' fury at being caught out. Kreisler's little game seems a harmless enough amusement and an artist doesn't often have a chance to pay the critics back in coin they can appreciate.

THE performance of the Latvian Singers in Carmel was in many ways interesting. In part, however, it was extremely disappointing. Because he found the stage too small to present the group dancing of the peasant carnival which was to have preceded the Vespers, at the last moment the director substituted a group of songs, solos and choruses. The impromptu nature of this part of the proceedings was somehow not an asset. The facetious nature of the leader's remarks between songs and the utter lack of enthusiasm of the singers, with one exception, made it impossible for the audience to enter into the feeling of the songs, some of which might have been extremely beautiful. In general, the singing of familiar Russian songs, some of them in deplorable English versions, was dull and uninspired, entirely lacking in the spontaneous dramatic quality which belongs to folk-singers of any nation and to Russian folk-singers in particular. The fact that some of the 15 singers are several generations removed from Latvia, the descendants of Latvians who left the country in 1907, explains this in part, but one searches in vain to recall any performance of this sort which seemed to yield so little enjoyment to the performers. Apparently the group is too far removed from the life which produced the unconscious

art of folk-singers and has not yet achieved a capacity for conscious creative art.

One young man with a good baritone voice and a natural dramatic gift sang three songs in authentic gypsy fashion, but he was accompanied by a series of wandering arpeggios up and down the piano in which the rhythmic vitality of folk song was wholly wanting. However, this youth knew what he was doing and enjoyed doing it. His performance of the *Volga Boat Song* was memorable.

The Great Vespers of the Greek Orthodox Church were presented gravely and movingly. The procession down through the "congregation", the swinging censer perfuming the air and the offering of flowers in the darkened room lit only by the "altar" candles were most impressive. The detached and inexpressive quality in the singers was perfectly suited to a church service, and the simplicity with which they moved through it went far to redeem the inartistic elements of the first part of the program. The memorial ceremony celebrating the feeding of the multitudes with forty loaves and fishes was enacted also and led many in the audience to question the good taste of presenting in an entertainment parts of a liturgy which is still today a spiritual actuality for many thousands of people; yet it could scarcely have been more beautifully done.

Included in the petitions of the serious young priest were prayers for the restoration of the Czars, for President Roosevelt, for Governor Merriam, and for peace!



## LATTERDAY GHOST

Iris just breaking into bud,  
Sparrow on every post—  
When the fields are timidly green,  
And Spring picks her way, step by step,  
Why does he come, a ghost?

These were not his haunts.  
He loved the dark gray band  
Curving through naked hills.  
He loved moving on; he would not linger here.  
He would have been lost here;  
He would have been lost.

Yet that was his laugh,  
His hair blowing,  
His hand!

Dear ghost,  
With earth wounds scarcely healed,  
Was it my desire or your own  
That led you so far afield?

—ETHEL TURNER

In the MARCH-APRIL issue of

# THE MAGAZINE

*a national literary journal for the socially-conscious creative writer*

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS adds another chapter to his record of Norwegian immigrants: "White Mule".

PAUL COREY delineates Middle-Western character in "A Son of My Bone".

ROBERT SMITH chops down some of the proverbial fence in "The Teamster".

JEAN TEMPLE continues with Chapter 2 of her epic of the life of Pennsylvania German sons of the soil: "Tenant Farmers".

ROBERT PENN WARREN writes a short story which he calls "Testament of Flood". Also Poetry by R. P. Blackmur, Don Stanford, J. V. Cunningham, and J. E. McGinnis.

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The World of H. G. Wells. 1915.

Letters and Leadership, studies in American literature. 1918.

The Ordeal of Mark Twain. 1920.

The Pilgrimage of Henry James. 1925.

Emerson and Others, essays on American writers. 1927.

The Life of Emerson. 1932.

Sketches in Criticism. 1932.

Three Essays on America. 1934.

He has translated the following:

The Flame that is France, by Henri Malherbe. 1918.

The Story of Gotton Connixloo (and) Forgotten, by Camille Mayran. 1920.

The Intimate Journals of Paul Gauguin. 1921.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Henri-Frédéric Amiel. 1922.

Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus, by Georges Berguer. 1923.

Henry Thoreau, bachelor of nature, by Leon Bazalguette. 1924.

Summer, by Romain Rolland. 1925.

Mother and Son, by Romain Rolland. 1927.

The Road, by André Chamson. 1929.

Roux the Bandit, by André Chamson. 1929.

The Crime of the Just, by André Chamson. 1930.

Philine, from the unpublished journals of Henri-Frédéric Amiel. 1930.

He has edited, usually with an introduction, the following:

The History of a Literary Radical and other essays, by Randolph Bourne. 1920.

Journal of First Voyage to America, by Christopher Columbus. 1924.

The American Caravan, a yearbook of American literature. 1927.

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. 1933.

The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford. 1934.

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